

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

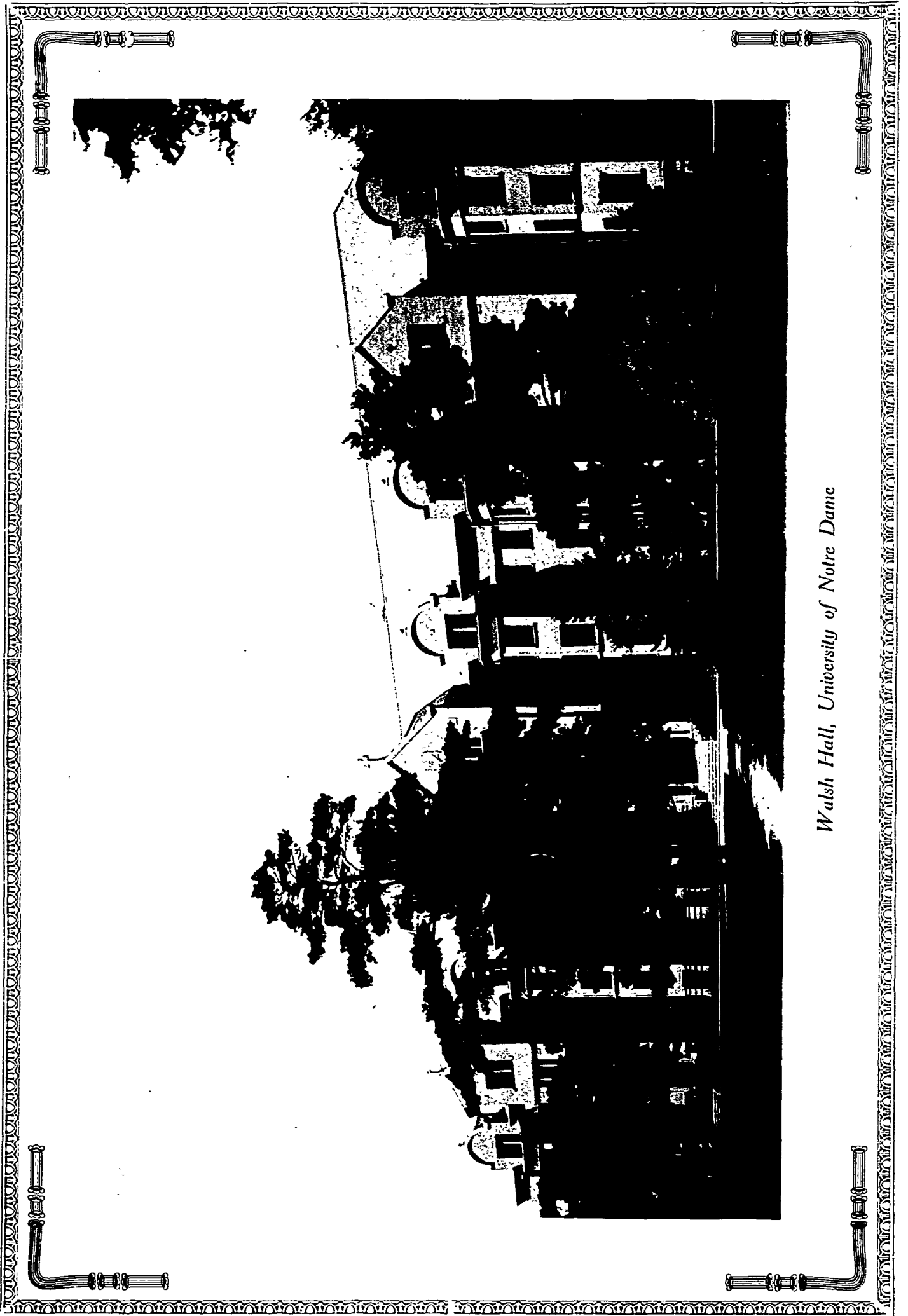
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Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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Walsh Hall, University of Notre Dame

... THE WEEK ...

Why aren't questions asked when you have the answer? If anyone were to ask me now, "What is life?" I would very simply answer, "Life is the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus." At least that body is the most alive organization on the campus this year. A large swell in membership this week is still in sight when the announcement of another initiation in May is made. And the additions aren't made in a haphazard manner. The initiation and banquet this week were among the most complete the Council has staged. The banquet was addressed by Professor Kaczmarek, who emerged from a regrettable period of seclusion to discuss ably and entertainingly a subject of the most vital interest to the Catholic young men especially. The first degree Friday night, the degree work Sunday, the banquet, and the reception of new members on Monday night, have formed a page in the records of which the present Council may be proud.

Foreign Missions in Bengal received the gratifying financial attention of the campus this week. Tuesday night thirty-five rounds of high-class boxing, including several exhibitions by prominent professionals and the always welcome appearance of a number of members of the local boxing team, comprised the program. Maurice McNulty and Mark Mooney were the Tex Richards of the show, and from the success they achieved will probably soon be leasing Madison Square or Boyle's Thirty Acres (or both, as they would say in the Law School).

The Glee Club appeared in Church on Sunday morning (that is, collectively, of course—no reflection on their usual individual presence.) Singing at the offertory and the consecration, they displayed an ability

in sacred music that stood up bravely in competition with the Moreau choristers.

"Captain Blood" appeared in Washington Hall Saturday night. After seeing the picture the week before, no one was terrified at the pseudo-wild life of the well known Sabatini pirate. Anyway, now that Captain Kidd's biographer has shown that poor Kidd was not a blood-thirsty buccaneer, but an innocent victim of circumstances and the tool of English politicians, the public faith in pirates is losing its grip. But J. Warren Kerrigan made a very romantic swashbuckler, and Arabella, aside from the name, was not bad.

In connection with the Knights of Columbus initiation the *Santa Maria* again cruised into the waters of the campus, with, modestly, a distinguished group of writers, marshalled under the capable editorship of Les Grady. Dan Hickey expects to release the Spring issue of the *Juggler* this week, which is music to eager ears. There's nothing that helps in preparing for examinations (pardon me for mentioning the subject) so much as a good issue of the *Juggler*. Now that *Pan* is definitely announced and seems to have met with gratifying campus enthusiasm, it begins to look as though Notre Dame is ready for a little scene in the national collegiate play in which the stage directions will read, "N. D.—center—spot."

Football meetings and practice are tuning up the engine for next year's trip, and the new spark plugs seem to be working well. Baseball is attracting not only the varsity candidates but every unattached male on the campus. The fields are so crowded that many men are playing the same position in two games at once. Golf is loose again. The calendar's right.

Music

The Glee Club gave its annual concert before the student body and faculty of St. Mary's Thursday night, March 26. The program was given as on the Spring trip, and all the numbers were well received. Following the concert, light refreshments were served to the members of the Club.

—NDS—

The Little Symphony Orchestra of Chicago will appear in concert in Washington Hall, Wednesday, April 1, under the direction of Mr. George Dasch, the conductor. In order that the whole student body may be enabled to hear this fine attraction, a matinee performance will be given at 4:30 p. m. and an evening concert at 8 p. m.

The Symphony orchestra is composed of twenty-five talented musicians, who will present a wonderful program of numbers ranging from such pieces as the William Tell Overture to an arrangement of Dvorak's Humoresque, both of which numbers are familiar to all students. Father Carey, who has arranged the concert, is particularly enthusiastic of the coming programs and is anxious for as many as possible to avail themselves of this opportunity to hear this splendid organization.

A different program will be presented at each of the two campus appearances of the Orchestra.

—NDS—

A concert by the Notre Dame Band will be given in Washington Hall, Thursday night, April 2. The organization will be under the direction of Mr. Joe Casasanta and will present an entirely new program for the approval of the University.

—NDS—

The smoker, held by the University Orchestra in Clark's banquet room on Wednesday evening, March 18, was a splendid success. The purpose of the gathering was to develop a more pronounced spirit of co-operation among the orchestra members.

With Frank Howland as chairman, speeches were delivered by Father Walsh, President of the University; Father Hugh O'Don-

nell, Prefect of Discipline; Mr. Joseph Casasanta, Assistant Director of the Orchestra, and Jay R. Masenich, President of the Orchestra. Music was furnished by the Glee Club quartet and by Ray Sheriff, imitations, interpretations, and anecdotes by John Butler, Arthur Denchfield, and H. B. C. King.

Due to the labors of Mr. Benning, chairman of the committee on edibles, a delicious lunch was served as a conclusion to the evening's entertainment.

GRADY MAKES PORT WITH THE "SANTA MARIA"

With sails fluttering aloft, and a new pilot at the helm, the *Santa Maria* hove into port during the past week after its second successful voyage of the year.

Les Grady, the new Captain, his second officer, Al Hockwalt, and his third assistant John Loftus, deserve credit for their latest achievement. Some of the articles which go to make up the second issue of *The Santa Maria* are "The Double Duty of Notre Dame Knights," by Hugh A. O'Donnell, President of the Alumni, "The Shrinking World," by E. M. Newman of Travalogue fame, "Concerning Success," by O. O. McIntyre, and "My Cherished Hope Realized," by Chauncey Olcott of "The Rivals" cast.

The Rev. John M. Ryan, C.S.C., has contributed an interesting treatise on "The Influence of Saint Patrick on European Civilization," Tom Lieb has gone out of his profession to write of "Colleen Moore and Tomatoes," while "The Bonniwell Football Trophy Awarded to Notre Dame," is discussed by Al C. Ryan. Other topics include "A Letter," by Grand Knight Harry McGuire, poems by Professor Charles Phillips and Anthony Shea, and a sport article by Tom Coman. Jim Armstrong is the author of "Nosmetipsos Inducentes," while H. F. Maloney discusses "The Greatest Happening in Track."

Good clothes attract attention but good manners hold it.

Hot air is not the product of cold deliberation.

JOSEPH SCOTT GIVES INSPIRING LECTURE

Moral courage was the theme of an address in Washington Hall on Friday morning, March 20, by Mr. Joseph Scott, Los Angeles lawyer, nationally-known Catholic layman and recipient of the Laetare Medal in 1918.

By his forceful oratory and engaging wit, Mr. Scott held his auditors in close attention while he exhorted them to realize the superiority of moral over physical courage. He related inspiring instances of moral fortitude and appealed for an unflinching support of Catholic doctrines.

The address was enthusiastically received by an audience that completely filled Washington Hall.

ORATORICAL REPRESENTATIVE TO BE CHOSEN SOON

Notre Dame's representative in the National Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest, to be conducted by the Better America Federation of California, must be picked before the Easter holidays. For this reason all manuscripts must be handed to Mark Nolan, 223 Sorin Hall, by April 5.

The men who have submitted their names to the Director of Studies as contestants are: Frank Steel, Charles Wood, Jack Flynn, Lester C. Grady, Harry McGuire, Ray Cunningham, Seymour Weisberger and Dave Stanton.

One from this group will be picked to carry the standards of Notre Dame in the coming contest.

The country has been divided into seven regions. Notre Dame is in the Central region and the states which compose this group are: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. The manuscripts will be submitted to a set of three judges of this region who will pick seven contestants. These seven will meet in Chicago on May 22 and one representative will be picked from the region to take part in the national finals at Los Angeles on June 5.

For a Notre Dame man to reach the finals his manuscript must be accepted by the regional judges. Then if successful he

must enter the public contest in Chicago to compete with the other six of the central region. If successful in this contest he will go to California for the finals. As there are seven prizes ranging from \$2,000 down to \$300 the successful contestant of the finals at Chicago is assured of being a prize winner.

PROFESSOR KACZMAREK SPEAKS AT K. OF C. INITIATION BANQUET

Selfishness and ignorance, contributing to the social evil that is ruthlessly undermining civilization and the home it rests upon, were vividly examined and denounced by Professor Regidius M. Kaczmarek, Ph. D., in his address at the initiation banquet given by the Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus to a class of fifty newly initiated members in the College Inn of the Hotel LaSalle, last Sunday evening.

Professor Kaczmarek spoke on "The Double Standard of Morality from a Biological Standpoint." For more than an hour he held the interest of his audience, while explaining and condemning the deficiencies in the modern social system that tolerate the evils and the vices which have led to the downfall of empires in centuries past. He commented upon the relation of men and women in modern times and their attitude toward the family, the cornerstone of civilization.

Harry McGuire, Grand Knight of the Notre Dame council, served as toastmaster of the banquet. Byron Hayes, district deputy with the Ft. Wayne degree team, a member of the class of 1913, spoke a few words of commendation to the newly initiated members and recalled briefly his own days at Notre Dame. Stephen Callahan, former state deputy of the Knight of Columbus in Indiana, paid tribute to the council and the school for the reputation which they have established in K. of C. circles.

Hogan Morrissey, of the Boy Guidance Department, entertained with a solo, written by Pat Manion of the Law faculty. The Glee club quartet and the council orchestra, the Knightingales, entertained with singing and music.

Library

"Veteran Athletes of Philadelphia Award the Honorable Eugene C. Bonniwell Trophy to Notre Dame University Football Champions of America. Always Victorious. 1924. Presented at Philadelphia January 24, 1925." Thus reads the inscription on the beautiful cup which is on exhibition near the circulation desk in the Library.

Seniors from St. Joseph's Academy, South Bend, have been among the recent visitors in the Library. Their visits were made for the purpose of obtaining material for their graduation essays.

During the first half of March, 108 visitors registered their names at the Art Galleries.

The following books have been placed in the stacks for circulation:

- Adams, John—Making the Most of One's Mind.
 Antologia de Poetas Hispano—Americanos. 4 v.
 Aristotle—Works. Vols. 5, 10, and 11.
 Bainbridge, F.A.—Physiology of Muscular Exercise.
 Baker, Mrs. J. (T.)—Correct Business Letter Writing and Business English.
 Baker, Mrs. J. (T.)—Correct English Simplified Grammar and Drill Book.
 Ball, F. K.—Constructive English.
 Bennett, Arnold—Clayhanger.
 Butler, Sir Wm. F.—Sir William Butler; an Autobiography.
 Chambers, R. W.—Cardigan.
 Eddy, G. S., & Page, Kirby—The Abolition of War.
 Gibson, H. W.—Camping for boys.
 Gwynn, S. L., Fair Hills of Ireland.
 Gwynn, S. L.—Famous Cities of Ireland.
 Index Generalis—1920, 1923-1924.
 Johnson, G. E.—Education by Plays and Games.
 Kilroe, E. P., comp.—Story of Tammany.
 Maitland, F. W.—Constitutional History of England.
 Playground and Recreation Association of America. Camping Out.
 Slade, C. B.—Physical Examination and Diagnostic Anatomy.
 Steinbrenner, G., comp.—Fünfstellige Trigonometrische Tafeln.
 Tratman, E. E. R.—Railway Track and Track Work.
 Webster, Hutton, comp.—Historical Source Book.
 Williams, J. F.—Organization and Administration of Physical Education.
 Williams, M.—Book of the High Romance.

FRESHMAN DEBATERS TO SCHEDULE MEETS

Negotiations are under way for dual meets of the Freshman debaters with the debaters of Kalamazoo and Purdue. If possible these meets will be held the latter part of next month. Plans are also being made for a debate between the Freshman teams, to take place at St. Mary's.

The Notre Dame teams to take part in these debates were chosen from the men who participated in the final contests this week, namely: Donahue, Burke, Conaghan, Corbett, Coury, McNamara, Stenius, Fogarty, O'Connor, Conley, Cavanaugh and Crowley.

The successful contestants were: Burke, Cavanaugh, Corbett, O'Connor, Stenius, Zepf, Fogarty, McNamara.

SENIORS ANNOUNCE INSURANCE GIFT

As its graduation gift to Notre Dame, the Senior Class has announced a recently adopted plan whereby several members of the Class are to be insured, for a period of twenty years, against injury or death. The total amount of insurance is to be \$50,000 and the University is to be the beneficiary.

All details with regard to the policies are to be handled by the Alumni Secretary. For twenty years he will annually collect about four dollars from each member of the Class with which to pay the premiums.

A camp for the purpose of training men for boy leadership is to be held at Notre Dame from July 8 to July 18, according to a recent announcement. It will be conducted by the School of Education of the University in co-operation with the Boy Life Bureau of the Knights of Columbus and the Department of Education of the National Committee of Boy Scouts of America.

The personnel of instructors, as so far selected, is comprised chiefly of members of the University faculty and of officials and representatives of the Boy Scout Council. The total cost for the course is to be \$25.00. More detailed information concerning the course may be had upon application to Mr. Hoyer in the Main Building.

LUDWIG AND LOFTUS LECTURE ON COMBUSTION

Combustion, in its theoretical and practical phases, was the principal subject of discussion at a meeting of the Engineers' Club Wednesday night. The Chemical Engineers, who had charge of the meeting, chose to be unique: instead of introducing outside speakers, they presented all the papers and entertainment themselves.

George Ludwig, speaking on the "Theory of Combustion," gave a short history of man's knowledge of this phenomenon and then an outline of modern theories concerning it. He described the chemistry of fuel, burning in a furnace, and showed the various methods of obtaining the ultimate efficiency from this oxidation process.

Thomas Loftus discussed the practical end of combustion, explaining the different types of stokers and the advantages of each type. He told of the correct method of burning coal to prevent a "burning out" of the furnace parts, immediately adjacent to the live coals, and at the same time to acquire the highest economical value.

Between "halves," Messrs. Weppner, Simonini, and Westmeyer presented a few interesting experiments, showing to some degree, the part chemistry plays in the astonishing tricks of the magician. Another feature was the ingenious theory advanced by George Ludwig for obtaining spider web-silk from spiders.

Luncheon and cigarettes were served after the chairman had announced that the next meeting would be conducted by the Sophomore and Junior Engineers.

CHICAGO CLUB FORMAL APRIL 14

Announcement of the Chicago Club Easter Formal has been made by President William Cerney. The date is Tuesday, April 14, the place is the Opera Club, located on Walton St. near Michigan Blvd., a short distance from the Drake Hotel. This is the first time that the Chicago Club has sponsored a dance at the Opera Club, the ballroom of which is considered among the most beautiful in Chicago.

Bollin's Blue Friars, nine skilled musicians, who have played engagements with some of the country's leading recording orchestras, have been engaged for the occasion. Bill Cerney and the Committees associated with him have been working industriously for the past month, and they promise a number of surprises in favors, novelties and decorations.

Students and their friends are invited to attend. A number of Chicago Alumni have already signified their intention to be present. The dance promises to be the most important Notre Dame event during the Easter vacation. Subscriptions are four dollars and may be paid at the door.

BALL COMMITTEES MAKE EXCELLENT PROGRESS

The Senior Ball Committee wishes to inform all Seniors that the second payment on tickets is now due. The invitations were received the early part of the week, and have been distributed to the members of the Ticket Committee. They may be had when the second payment is made. Arrangements for the Ball are progressing very favorably. It is expected that the Committee will announce details of the affair very shortly.

VILLAGERS HOLD "GUEST NIGHT" BANQUET

The Four Horsemen—Layden, Miller, Stuhldreher, and Crowley—were the guests of the Villagers at their banquet Thursday March 19 in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel. In addition to these there were many other guests present to enjoy the "guest-night" program.

Chief of Police Lawrence F. Lane, Mr. Rome C. Stephenson, President of the St. Joseph's County Loan and Trust Company and Professor "Pat" Manion of the College of Law were the principal speakers.

The Committee in charge of the banquet included: Lewis Murphy, George Farage, John Hoover, Warren Elliott, Victor Fall and Ed. Ahlering. Music was furnished by the Villagers' Orchestra.

The Boy Guidance Department

Mr. R. O. Wyland, Director of Church Relations for the Boy Scouts of America, gave an interesting talk to the class Monday afternoon. He outlined the Boy Scout program and told of the advantages it held for those who joined the scouts. He pointed out the way in which the scouts, through their various activities, developed leadership within their own ranks.

The relation between the scout troop and the Church was explained fully, and it was pointed out that the scouting program does not attempt to teach religion, but that the churches, to which the individual troops are affiliated, could carry on their work for boys most effectively through the medium of the scout troop.

Mr. Wyland expressed a belief that the scout movement will be instrumental in bringing about a better understanding between the nations of the world in promoting world peace.

—N D S—

At the conclusion of Mr. Wyland's talk Romeo Leclerc spoke briefly on the activities of the Wolf Cubs.

—N D S—

William K. O'Donnell, of Girardville, Pennsylvania, is making an intensive study of the various Holy Name Societies existing throughout the country. He has collected a large amount of valuable information, and from this he will prepare a paper which will be read before the class within the next few weeks.

CERCLE FRANCAIS TO GIVE SECOND PROGRAM

The *Cercle Français* will hold its next public meeting on Thursday evening, April 2, in the parlor of the Main Building. A program will be presented of addresses, songs, and recitations, all in French. Professors and students of the University who are interested in French are invited to attend. Among the guests who will be present for this program will be Monsieur Barthelmy, the French Consul.

At the last public meeting of the *Cercle*, in February, seventy-five guests from South Bend and Mishawaka were present. Some of them boasted that French was their

mother-tongue, others were advanced students of it, and the rest "knew a little." All, however, appeared to enjoy the program; the least advanced of them got something out of it, for the speakers were thoughtful enough to use plain speech and to speak slowly and distinctly. In the course of the program an old French *ronde*, "Frere Jacques," was enthusiastically sung by all the company. All participated again on the program at the end, when they sang the "Marseillaise" and "America." By this time they had put aside their shyness and taken their own French out of its wrappings of diffidence and were ready to talk it to anyone. The *causerie* after the program lasted nearly as long as the program itself.

The *Cercle Français*—for the benefit of those who are asking the question—is Notre Dame's French club. It was founded two years ago, but last September it was re-organized on a firmer—and, it is hoped—a permanent basis. It is composed of two groups: those who are masters of the language and anxious to promote the study of the French tongue and French literature, and those who are just as anxious to take advantage of this unusual opportunity to learn French thoroughly. The present officers are: Professor Provost, head of the department of Modern Languages, President; Professor Mercier, Critic; and Father Cunningham, Secretary.

The *Cercle* meets each Wednesday evening in room 51 of the Community House. The members discuss current events, give recitations, tell stories, sing songs—and talk—in French, of course, with both Critic and President kept busy with corrections and suggestions. French scholars and French missionaries who appear at Notre Dame from time to time attend the meetings of the *Cercle* and add much to the interest of its programs. Four times a year the *Cercle* presents a public program in the parlor of the Main Building. Membership is open, free to all Notre Dame students. For full information inquire of any officer or member.

EDITORIAL

ALL HAIL—SPRING!

THIS is written to assure you that Spring has really come at last to Indiana. For although it may snow again there have been sufficient signs of Spring on the campus during the last week to declare firmly and without doubt that the long-awaited season is here. When Sorin Hall forsakes its books and thesis to play Indoor Ball afternoons, when bare-headed students roam the Niles road, when the *Juggler* is ready to spread cheer with a Spring number, and the calendar indicates that the twenty-first of March has come and gone, then may one safely prepare for Spring Fever.

Give us Spring aplenty, ye gods of the seasons. Give us its warm sun, its brisk winds. Let us break forth from our four-walled prisons to walk over green grass under clear blue skies. Make pleasant the companionship of some of us who can be together but for a few months more. Prove to us anew that this is a season of romance and of dreams.

Spring, we repeat, is with us. And that is about all that can be said on the subject. THE SCHOLASTIC has printed the Spring editorial.

—J.F.S.

"SPIKED SHOES"

STUDENT and sage have paused to weigh the tangible elements of education, especially college education. College training is the subject of much discussion by the scrupulous, because they feel it is a privilege

and not a necessity in this world of ours. But no matter, the "Old Dog" has discussed the matter ever so thoroughly in the March 21 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* under a title identical with that of this editorial.

It is impossible to agree with the "Old Dog" on all of his points; like all dogs he likes to pick the bones too dry and too clean. Notwithstanding, he does break off a bit of the mental veneer and touch on the tender flesh of our "collegiate intolerance."

There are too many students getting degrees in the "fellowship of men," nowadays. The consensus of opinion among the undergraduates is simply this: "Get by. All this bunk will do you no good when you get out anyway. What you get out of college is only the benefit of the associations, the atmosphere, the reliance of self-establishment."

Yet there is the trouble. Association does play a big part, a masterly part, but is not everything. We do not want to get degrees in fellowship—one can make friendships out in the world—but we want a few facts crowded into that head upon our shoulders that will be able to strike some sparks of originality when we get out into the skeptical world where men are judged on what they can produce, and what they know.

The long hours of preparation, research, painstaking study put in by the professors go unheeded by the vast majority of students who tranquilly pass over the classroom lectures with the thought, "I won't need this stuff when I get out. What I want here are the associations with men.

which I am making and the general outlook on life I am acquiring. Facts don't bother me."

This is the attitude, there is no mistaking.

If there are bells to be rung in life it is going to take more than strong arms to ring them! It is going to take strong hearts and plenty of nerve, and a lot of history and science and philosophy and religion. It is going to take a comparison of the present with the past to successfully conquer the future! How can we expect to succeed if our heads hold nothing but the sweet memory of college friendships and our textbooks are forgotten amid the ruins of our dream-city? That kind of an education represents just a \$10,000 loss to the good "pater," and an incalculable loss to the graduate.

We don't want a degree in "fellowship" after four years at college. We want facts, not a brain-storm of experience—any fool can get that.

—F. C. M.

PRACTICES THAT DON'T MAKE PERFECT

BILLIARD balls aren't made of Haviland china. Neither are the glasses and table tops of the cafeteria absolutely unbreakable (appearances are often deceiving). When you see individuals alleged to be college men carroming one glass off another, incidentally chipping the edges of the tables, you're surprised that the cover charges aren't higher than they are. This is one example of the youthful spirit of spring.

The idea that the moon produces insanity seems true. In the mad rush to get to Washington Hall on Saturday nights, the "Please" signs are ignored. The result is that the heavily-equipped feet stick in the soft earth and the mud around the foot of the Washington Hall steps. This slows up the speed and causes an exposure of the collegiately bared head to the rays of the Spring moon. The lunacy thus caused has a lasting quality and ripples through the stricken audience during the entire course of the shows. This year's program in

Washington Hall has been exceptionally good, and the demonstrations, regardless of their spirit or intention, reflect upon the appreciation of the audience if not upon their courtesy.

South Bend lays serious claims to being civilized. In order to promote the spirit of friendship and co-operation that the efforts of both Notre Dame and South Bend have engendered it would be well for the student body to recognize these claims. One way of doing this, that has been suggested by residents of the University as well as of the city, is for students who visit the city to dress as if they were entering a civilized community. It is not essential to wear a Prince Albert with a carnation in the buttonhole if you happen downtown in the morning, nor is a Tuxedo essential in the evening. But people in cultured communities have a prejudice for sartorial care and a few of the less fundamental accoutrements of the ordinary man, e. g. a clean shirt and a tie, and trousers with at least a 99 44-100 per cent seat.

—J.E.A.

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The Latest Fad

JAMES V. EGAN

FADS have always played an important part in the little one-act drama of life. We have seen troupes of them make their entrance and their exit. We have applauded them singly and in groups. Without them the drama would be heavy—unlit by the sparkle of comedy.

In "Abe" Lincoln's time it was considered "dashing" and "up to the minute" to wear silver watch charms the size of an egg. Quilting parties were "all the rage," and "husking bees" were about the prevailing social events of the "aftah de wah" period. Cameos were worn in profusion by both sexes; small ones in rings and larger ones as clasps and brooches.

After "Nellie Gray" had seen her fiancé march in the parade, celebrating the fifth anniversary of the close of the Sappish-American war, she adjusted her automobile glasses, tied her bonnet down tight with about six yards of motoring veil, and went wheezing and banging homeward at astounding speed, the speedometer registering perhaps fourteen miles an hour. "Nellie" was just one of the many adherents to the latest "craze" or "fad" of the day—automobiling.

"But let us get on to the special issue of the day," as the poet-laureate of Hoboken once said, and discuss the latest fad, which is having tremendous but, sad to say, deleterious effect on those about us—that monster that threatens to ruin industry and wreck the American home, that "intellectual teaser"—the cross-word puzzle.

It seems that our country is suffering a division greater than that of 1861; on one side we have those who try to solve the puzzles, and on the other side, those who don't.

One of the most striking results of this latest fad is its effect upon our "guardians of the peace." Even Commissioner Enright of New York City was forced to state publicly a week ago that cross-word puzzles were keeping New York's "bravest and finest" from pistol practice. When Patrol-

man O'Neill ought to have been shooting paint from the bull's eye at 300 yards, he was found striving to ascertain "What is the star of the first magnitude in Auriga, in three letters." His superior officer told the patrolman that it was the same as "a discharge from the force, in nine."

Imagine how this fad will affect the good old gridiron game if it is not checked soon. Can you picture, in the middle of an "off tackle" play, Layden halting momentarily on the line of scrimmage and asking Ed. Weir of Nebraska "What word of seven letters, in the plural, is the distance sailed by a vessel in one tack?"

The latest fad has revolutionized the slogans of newspapers. Instead of seeing on the front page of a daily the slogan, "A paper for people who think," or something of that sort, we find the enterprising announcement, "An erudite conundrum in in every edition," or "The original crossword puzzle page is our greatest boast."

The cross-word puzzle fad has reached such a height now that even "high" society in the persons of our "financially established four hundred" has taken up its dictionary and has started to solve these "mind-developing" conundrums. Why even the other day the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* gave an account of a crossword puzzle party held at the Van Kuhn's winter home. It said in part, Mrs. Hallaron led the crossword puzzle race but was "stumped" when she hit No. 38—"An Asiatic potentate in eight letters." However she recouped her losses and won out when all the rest of those present including three of the debutantes of the season, could not determine what was the 106th letter in the ancient Incas alphabet. The same paper, in another section, stated that New England had fallen before the onslaught of this latest craze; it cited, as an example, the case of four students who "flunked" psychology because of solving cross-word puzzles.

Latest reports say that Dr. Angleface, dean of geometry at one of our leading col-

leges, has resigned from his chair, to accept a position with one of the "progressive" newspapers, figuring out new angular forms for puzzles.

This seems to be the "latest straw." When a fad becomes so strong as to deprive students of a professor, it is time for us to look into the matter, and find a remedy. One remedy has been suggested. That is,

to make Hebrew the national tongue, as this would necessitate writing from the bottom up, throwing the whole arrangement of the cross-word puzzle out of kilter. Another remedy consists in driving out one fad by introducing another.

It has been suggested that the new fad be the writing of love-lyrics in Chinese.

Scotty—The Efficiency Expert

JOSEPH P. M'NAMARA, '28

THE *Yawler-Press* lets us go about four-fifteen so that we generally manage to get the four twenty-two out to Lawn-dale. This evening was no exception and so Bob and I had already discussed the Inauguration, Dawes' slap at Congress, the latest robbery in which two hundred cross-word puzzle books were taken, and so forth, before I noticed Bobbette, sitting prim and sweet, farther up in the coach.

Now, Bob and Bobbette were as good as engaged, so the prognosticators of the neighborhood said. Of course, being rather a failure along the lane of romance, I accepted this edict from the back-fence oracles with a sigh, and let it go at that. I must admit, however, that this prophecy had rather solid foundation, for these two were

always to be found together. "Too bad," I mused at the time, for my red-headed fellow worker was a good chap, even though he was a bit Scottish with his money.

So it was quite natural that I marvelled at this separation. I ransacked the files of what I am pleased to refer to as my mind, but could hit upon no plausible reason for this estrangement. Bob and I were good friends so it was quite decorous for me to ask: "How come?" And I did.

Bob should be a millionaire some day—but that is beside the point. Although I knew him quite well, his answer shocked me.

Quoth Bob: "Yes, I noticed her as soon as I got on. Sure, I intend to go up, but I've got to wait until she's paid her fare!"

HARSH ECHOES

I sang a little weary song,
Then threw the thing away,
For love's not worth the singing of
That will not run and play.

—ANTHONY SHEA.

The "Billy" Sunday of Literature

BERT V. DUNNE, '26

CYCLONIC America loves the sensational. Great editors gauge news according to the amount of interest it arouses. Reporters are forced to draw the curtain of privacy from the lives of people and reveal the troubles, tribulations and inconsistencies of the family life. "Billy" Sunday realized that the people liked "hell-defying" style. He knew that yellow journalism, flaunting its hideous head at us from the front pages of our best newspapers, was successful; and, he felt, very considerate of him to be sure, that America would appreciate having her religion delivered in the same manner as she was digesting the news. In the category of these who make dollars through the wrong use of shallow thought, we can place the eminent, adjective-slinging, hell-inspiring evangelist, Mr. William Sunday, better known to *hoi polloi* as "Billy" Sunday; just plain "Billy," that's all. Pennsylvania University conferred an honorary degree on this charlatan of the gospel, who, wrapping his under-nourished thoughts in the motley lingo of the day, has convinced the people that he is their apostle; their fount of good cheer; their source of religious contentment.

A short while ago it was rumored that Mr. Sunday was going to retire. Sighs of relief arose from the oppressed ones, but the report was false. Instead of Sunday retiring, a confrere of his, a Mr. H. L. Mencken, crawled from mediocrity and began condemning religions, literature, poetry, the school system and what-not. Mr. Mencken, scrawled his name on article after article and very soon found that he had an audience. This following of his is comprised chiefly of erudite college students, weak-jawed college professors, house-wives with nothing to do, and girls of the impressionable period, their ages ranging from fifteen to twenty-five. Holding his tongue in his cheek (he has plenty of both tongue and cheek), and his finger close to the pulse of the public, Mencken gives the people what they want—he condemns them, and they like him for it; he ridicules them and they find sweetmeats in his words of scorn. In short, Mencken is a showman. Nothing more, understand. He is clever enough to realize that there are people who will say: "This fellow Mencken is sure nervy; he takes a crack at everyone." This is the psychology of Mencken's method—he believes: "Get people talking about you! It doesn't matter whether they knock or boost—just get them talking—and keep them talking—this surely will make the one-talked-about a source of interest!"

Mencken has been humorously referred to as the Chief Scribe of the Scoffers. In addition to Upton Sinclair, who scoffs volubly at our schools, and Mencken, the polished and urbane one, our customs and traditions are having a hard time of it.

While reading the *Chicago Tribune* recently, I came upon an article by the Chief Scribe Mencken in relation to the teaching of short story writing in our colleges. In this topic sentence, before weighing the merits of the schools, Mencken says: "It is my opinion, reached after long inquiry and due prayer, that the attempting to teach this art, does more harm than good." Is this a fair statement? Even a ditch-digger would scoff at such logic. But Mr. Mencken defends his position by saying: "Of course I do not contend that short story writing cannot be taught—but only to certain obvious limits." What are these "obvious limits?" Mr. Mencken does not tell us. Instead, he just chatters on, comparing high-jumping, a physical operation, with short story writing, a purely mental task. Such a priggish analogy coming from a presumably intellectual man is shallow; but Mencken reserves the right to circumvent points and deviate from a logical course.

It is reasonable that Mencken, after stating that the procedure is antiquated and forlorn, should point out the primal cause. This he does. He says: "Suppose the teaching of music were taken over by hand organ players or greasers of phonographs, by trombone polishers or piano movers; our fine arts would be in a rather deplorable state." He continues: "Our short story teachers give the student a series of shallow and puerile tricks. Their chief aim, pedagoguelike, seems to be to reduce the whole mystery to a few childish rules. If you want to find out how little such rules are worth, simply read any of the short story masterpieces by Joseph Conrad."

What has Mencken said as yet that is important? First, he has charged our school-men with being charlatans, who, because they cannot reach the acme of perfection themselves, have foisted their theories upon their students. Second: He has the audacity to compare our short story students with Conrad. Poor reasoning! Mencken knows that Conrad was a traveller; he also knows that Conrad is not a purist; yet, with this knowledge at his finger-tips he persists in drawing a comparison between a great master and innocent school boys who, a great many of them at least, have not been outside of their own states or their own school grounds. My objections to this Mencken argument are as follows: He forgets that if we understand the motivating forces back of the art of writing (and these are what Mencken calls the "puerile tricks" that are taught us), it is reasonable to assume that we will be able to understand the actual effect of these forces. A man does not necessarily have to be a great artist in order to teach others; great artists do not work for the salaries paid out by college administration boards. All the short story teacher pretends to do is to

strip the theme of its flesh and blood and bare the skeleton. Yet, Mencken calls this action a shallow one. Conrad is an exception to the general rule of writers. He had so much to tell, and his incidents were so vitally interesting in themselves, that it mattered not how he put them on paper, as long as he gave us the life, the tone, the color and the thought of his ponderings.

Mencken continues: "The technic of the short story is so simple.... the whole of it flows easily and obviously out of the form; any intelligent child, essaying a story, discerns it instantly. First, there must be rigid economy of attention; the interest must be concentrated upon one conflict, one idea or one character. Secondly, there must be clear statement of the theme at the start; the short story writer, unlike the novelist, cannot waste time preparing his ground and spitting on his hands....

These principles, I say, are obvious."

This information is not in the hands of the child. It has to be taught. The short story is a comparatively new phase of literary work and it is only recently that the authorities agreed upon the foregoing principles which Mencken, as does every short story book, treats as fundamental. The Great Thinker continues: "But to teach them and have done, of course, is not enough for the pedagogues; they must gild the job with the immemorial hocus pocus of their order. That hocus-pocus takes the form of the childish rules aforesaid. All the pedagogical rubbish about motivation, climax, and so on—all this is nonsense." What logic! Cannot Mencken see how he contradicts himself? He sets forth the rules himself; he admits of their necessity, and then he calls them "hocus-pocus." Mencken himself, then, is the High Priest of Hocus Pocus.

FLOWER LAND

Daisies nodding, bright and gay,
To the winds with whom they play.

Lady slippers never still
Dancing on the velvet hill.

Mountain lilies, frosted pearls,
Smiling lip that lightly curls.

Indian paint brush coralline
Burning underneath the pine.

Golden rod that bows its head —
Spring, perhaps, is nearly dead.

Azalias peeping from their leaves
Wantonly, yet who believes?

Cliff Dwellers pretend to hide
Slyly though, they look outside.

Mountain aster, princess white,
Proudly spurning yonder height.

Prim-rose, sister to the sun
Smiles alike at everyone.

Myriad flowers wink at you
Through their tears of jewelled dew.

—FRANK O'TOOLE, '28

*Love and The Irish**

REV. CORNELIUS HAGERTY, C.S.C.

ONE who leaves his native city and takes up his residence in a distant land has an opportunity of observing the loyalty or lack of it of those he had regarded as friends. One of the pleasant experiences of my sojourn in Oregon was the telegram I received every St. Patrick's Day from the Irish people of South Bend. It was consoling to think that as "the chiefs and ladies bright" gathered here at Tara for their annual love-feast that my absence was noted; that my place was kept vacant; that though "far from the land" where the banquet was held I was still a member of your "love's shining circle." It was good to know that when you assemble to celebrate St. Patrick's feast love and friendship rule the hour; that anyone whether present or absent, alive or dead, who has struck a blow for the common cause still holds his place in your midst.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming and look brighter when we come.

Critics point to the strife and disunion in the ranks of the Irish during the last five years both in America and Ireland as final evidence that our people never can agree among themselves; that they are naturally a jealous race; that their jealousy nowhere reveals itself more strikingly than in frustrating every attempt at establishing a united Irish government. The Irish, they say, are unfitted to take their place amongst modern nations because if left to themselves their country would be divided as of old into small kingdoms and clans,—each chief or king trying to be as independent as possible of every other.

Honesty and common sense oblige us to admit that the conduct of the Irish during the most recent crisis of their history has given ground for this criticism. We had our eyes open; we knew the tactics of the op-

position was to divide and conquer; we knew just what the play was going to be, and yet our enemies succeeded beyond their own most sanguine dream. We may as well admit that a bad Irishman is a bad man; that even in the typical Irish all virtues are not equally developed; that when they begin to hate one another the Irish afford a spectacle to make the angels mourn; that the tongues of the Irish when unloosed against their neighbors are amongst the most venomous and deadly of weapons. But does it follow from these admissions that the Irish are a people for whom a high social life is impossible? that they prefer to quarrel and hate rather than to live in peace and love? that if unrestrained by the more highly civilized Anglo-Saxons their pugnacity and jealousy would lead to such constant warfare as to carry them back toward barbarism and savagery?

It is said in Logic that opposites belong to the same genus or race. It is said in Holy Scripture that the corruption of the best is the worst. Great hate is found only where there has been great love or where there is capacity for great love. The faculty by which man loves and hates is the same faculty; the measure of a man's ability to love is the measure of his ability to hate. The best men might have been the worst and the worst might have been the best. The more spiritual an individual or a race the more gorgeous the spectacle of love and hatred exhibited. It was said of Dante that "he loved well because he hated." He takes praise to himself because he was "an indignant soul." "In much wisdom" says the Scripture, "there is much indignation." "Love is strong as death and jealousy is hard as hell and the lamps thereof are fire and flames."

When I was younger I thought it was vanity which led Irish historians to find resemblances between the Irish and the ancient Greeks; but now I am convinced there is solid ground for the comparison. The Greeks were a spiritual, independence-lov-

* Address to the Hibernians and the Ladies' Auxiliary of South Bend, Indiana, on the occasion of their 42nd Annual Banquet, St. Patrick's Day, 1925.

ing, ardent race. Their own country, much smaller than Ireland, was split up into a number of independent states. They were almost always fighting among themselves when there was no common foe to unite them; sometimes they quarreled about who should be in command of the forces when they met the common foe. They possessed no genius for imperialism and were readily subjected by the more matter-of-fact Romans.

The Irish are spiritual, independent, ardent. They are always fighting when they are not loving. They are never luke-warm or neutral; they are either hot or cold; they are for or against everything. They have no genius for imperialism which requires diplomacy, and the spirit of compromise. Even if left to themselves the Irish might disagree and quarrel. These qualities do not fit them to survive in the modern political world. But are not these the very qualities which have fitted the Irish people for the struggle for Heaven? Christ hated the vice of the Pharisee,—hypocrisy. He loved the honest irascible Peter and the uncompromising Paul. His apostles were first of all honest men. The Irish were too uncompromising to accept Henry VIII as head of the Church of Christ. If they had not been so quarrelsome and undiplomatic they might have lived in quiet comfort for the past four hundred years, without the Sacraments, like the Scotch and Welsh.

After a careful, dispassionate examination it must appear that Irishmen in the recent struggle to free their country resembled Othello who "loved not wisely but too well." He would be a great man indeed to whom other Irishmen would allow to go unchallenged the honor of being Ireland's deliverer. Dark Rosaleen is so fair she has many wooers. If the Erne sometimes "runs red with redundance of blood" it is because Ireland is too fair a bride to go to any husband until he has well proved his worth. Great leaders appear rarely among any people. If we consider the many difficulties and dangers surrounding the development of political leaders in Ireland, it will not appear too wonderful that the people should sometimes be misled. Had Padraic Pearse not been executed at the beginning of the fight,

the story of the past five years might have been a happier one. The Irishman's quarrelsome disposition, his pugnacity, his hatred of tyranny, his willingness to follow a leader to any extreme, are indications of a loving rather than a loveless nature. It is the duty of the leader to supply the intelligence and the plans. The will to fight, to endure, to suffer reveals the warm heart of love in the common people.

The blood of the sons of Ireland fallen in this last great struggle for independence has consecrated the Irish anew to the love of freedom,—freedom not only in national life but in each Irishman's own personal life. For "by whatsoever thing a man is overcome of the same is he the slave." No man who is the slave of his own passions enjoys freedom,—no matter in what country he dwells. Jealousy, vanity, selfishness and hate are the most terrible of tyrants. The men who fell in the recent struggle, even those Irishmen who died fighting other Irishmen, died fighting for Ireland and for freedom. Though personally I am convinced he was misled, I can well imagine Liam Mellows to have made this dying address to Ireland:

When he who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the
fame

Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

When we sum up the situation fairly we must recognize that all races of men have faults. The Irish are quarrelsome, but they are honest. What they were fighting for was simply justice. It is hard for Irishmen to compromise. Perhaps in the sight of Heaven it is a lesser sin to be quarrelsome than to be unjust. I need not dilate on the

faults of other races of men. Neither the English nor the French nor the Germans nor our own 100 per cent Americans have exhibited themselves during the past decade as lambs without blemish.

Besides there is the other side of the picture. The Irish people continue to fill the monasteries of all English-speaking countries with monks and nuns; they supply the dioceses of the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand with bishops and priests; they teach the Christian religion and the supernatural destiny of man where less quarrelsome races are teaching that man came from a monkey and dies like a dog. In many a lonely mission on the far-flung battle-line of the empire of Christ priests and sisters, children of Erin, are teaching heathens the law of Christ, the law of love, and are nursing the incurable in lonely hospitals. In many a Carmelite cloister Irish nuns live lives of angelic love, praying not only for the quarrelsome sons of Erin but for their enemies as well. Pugnacious as are the men and women of Ireland there are fewer divorces among them than amongst their worst critics. In thousands of Christian homes the world over an Irish man and an Irish woman live together in love, harmony and peace, demonstrating that in the most fundamental and intimate relations of human society the Irish can live together more successfully than their Anglo-Saxon chaperons.

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them unfading and warm,
Erin, O Erin, thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears!

Now that the Irish in America have done what they could for Ireland in the recent crisis of her history; since nothing further can be done politically except to trust her future to the wisdom and patriotism of her own citizens, the attitude of many Americans of Irish descent is that we should abandon such organizations as the Hibernians and concentrate upon purely American fraternities; that we should cease our vain efforts to be Irish and be satisfied to be Americans and Catholics.

I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, what is it that brings us here to-night? Is it not friendship and love? Is it not easier for us to be joined in the holy bonds of friendship because we are all children of the one race? It is true all "the multitudes that walk the earth" belong to the family of Adam and even to the family of Noe; but the closer the blood-tie the easier and more natural is friendship. We rejoice in our ties of common citizenship. We are Americans, sharing the same rights and duties. We live in Indiana, in South Bend. Here is our home. We acknowledge the wisdom of the words of Holy Scripture: "Better is the neighbor who is near than the brother who is far off." Still more do we rejoice as Christians because Christ has made us one body by feeding us on his own flesh and blood. We call the same God our father and fulfil his law by loving one another. But, in addition, we who are neighbors and fellow-Christians are united by the natural blood-relationship of race and the natural spiritual ties of common history and common traditions. Songs and music which excite our emotions leave other Catholic Americans unaffected; just as we do not get the same thrill out of singing *Noël* as do Catholic Americans of French descent or out of singing *Stille Nacht* as do Catholic Americans of German descent. Common music is an index to common feeling. Common feeling is the product of generations of common living. Our ancestors in their sea-girt isle were bathed in the same mists of the Atlantic; they shared the long winter nights on their little farms with only the light of candles to dispel the mystery of the night; they endured the same poverty and persecutions; rejoiced in the same long summer days; sang the same songs, heard the same stories, saw the same birds and flowers, went to the same fairs, observed the same feasts, honored the same saints and heroes. Our hearts find friendship easier because of all this comradeship of the past which has left its echo in the flesh our forefathers bequeathed to us.

In listening to the Irish Melodies, I have often been impressed by the high value these songs put upon human love and friend-

ship. Most of the modern poets who sang for nations which abandoned the Catholic faith are pessimistic about human love and friendship. At best they sing the praises of some one person whose love, unlike the rest, was genuine and loyal even in adversity. In the Irish songs, on the contrary, there is a joyous, triumphant note in praise of Love* subsiding in larger social groups. The idea is expressed again and again in these Irish songs that life in the true human sense is impossible without friendship; love is the best part of life. The poet pities the last rose of summer, left alone in her beauty, and prays:

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inherit,
This bleak world alone!

Beautiful as is the vale of Avoca "where the bright waters meet" the best of all its charms is to see the beauty of nature "reflected in books that we love." Again Moore sings:

The thread of our life would be dark Heaven
knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to
my mind.

The number of songs in praise of wine among the Irish Melodies may scandalize Americans; but wine is praised for promoting the common life of friendship; for breaking down the barriers between mine and thine; for uniting the souls of all the friends in one common body. It is safe among the Irish, the poet assures us, to drink with one's friends. There are no traitors there. "Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin" upon the traitor:

Yes, monarch! tho sweet are our home recol-
lections,
Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness
fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our
affections,
Revenge on a traitor is sweetest of all.

An individual or a nation which rejoices in

friendship has a corresponding hatred of treachery because the one cannot flourish where the other is found. Dante placed Judas and Brutus in the lowest part of hell with Satan himself—three traitors—not in fire, but frozen in ice, i. e. absolutely loveless and friendless, the worst punishment the great poet could conceive.

There must be something very representative of the Irish in the poetry of Thomas Moore because the English critics go out of their way to belittle him. As far as I am acquainted with the poetry of the last century no one writing in the English language has sung so joyfully of the delight to be found in loving one's neighbor as this poet of Ireland. I mean not only the love of a man for a woman but the love existing in a larger social group. This is as it should be. The Irish remained faithful to Christ and His Church. When the lawyer asked Christ which was the greatest commandment he answered: Thou shalt love. Love God and love your neighbor. "This is my commandment: that you love one another." "By this mark shall all men know that you are my disciples if you love one another." "Love," said Paul, "is the fulfilling of the law." "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." "Now there remain faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Faith shall pass into vision, hope shall be fulfilled but love shall remain as the life of the blessed. "He that loveth not" says St. John, "knoweth not God, for God is charity." One of the first ideas the early Christians grasped was that as a result of eating the flesh and blood of Christ they were all united into one mystical body. Their assembly was called "Agape," love-feast. It is the uniform teaching of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church that the "proper and formal effect of the Holy Eucharist is love and the act of love and the inflaming of love."* "I am come," said Christ, "to send fire on the earth and what will I but that it be kindled?" We should expect to find love and friendship flourishing in the lives of

* The Holy Spirit.

* Hedley "The Holy Eucharist" p. 115.

the Irish. They have fed on the Eucharist since St. Patrick brought it to them fifteen centuries ago; they have suffered poverty, persecution, imprisonment, exile and illiteracy rather than give up the only Church which retained this sacrament. We should be surprised, *we should be scandalized*, if love, the finest fruit of the Christian religion, did not flourish in their midst,—love, not only of God, but love of their Irish neighbors. "If you love not man whom you see," says St. John, "how can you love God whom you do not see?" for, is not man made in his image?

Love may be cheapened, may even be regarded as something wicked, may appear as uncontrollable as the lightning; yet together with knowledge which it at once depends upon and inspires, it is the only force which can spiritualize man. We hear much of civilization, literacy and education; but we hear all too little of the distinctively human life of man, his spiritual life, the life of knowledge and of love. Even the pagans, like Plato, realized that love was the strongest influence amongst men for inspiring them to seek after the higher knowledge and to live noble and beautiful lives; that nothing brought out the image of God in man as quickly and surely as love. The reserve energy, the latent power of human nature is never revealed or developed except under the enthusiasm awakened by love. The Greeks thought that no one could ever become a great musician, poet, philosopher or artist of any kind unless he was led to the heights by love. To be a lover, they thought, was necessary to any great achievement.

When one reads a poem like Clarence Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen," he wonders whence the poet could receive such inspiration. For example take the stanza:

"I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills.
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!"

Ireland, beautiful as are her physical features, could never inspire such devotion, if we regard merely the country without considering the people. This wonderful love which is awakened in the hearts of Irishmen for Ireland ultimately must be grounded in the love of Irish men for Irish women. There is no explanation of the ardent love of Irish poets, soldiers and exiles for Ireland except by supposing there has been and is great love among her people. Love of persons precedes love of the personified.

If Irish men are enthusiasts their inspiration comes from Irish women. The Irish woman is not so docile or so meek as the German woman. In this respect she shares the fault of the race. But for greatness of heart, for patience in adversity, for fear of God and unconquerable spirit she deservedly excites the admiration of the world. She has always been the last stronghold of the Irish national spirit. By some intuition of love she understands it is good to keep the Irish race Irish. Bourke Cochran delighted to describe how the Danes and the Normans who overran portions of Ireland and conquered the Irish men always fell victims to the Irish women and their children became more Irish than the Irish themselves. We had an example of this in the recent struggle. Padraic Pearse who was the true leader and guiding genius of the great uprising for freedom was the son of an English father and an Irish mother. In the present crisis when the ancient solidarity of the Irish race has been shaken as never before, we must look again to the Irish women to bring back harmony and to reawaken love.

If the Hibernians and Ladies' Auxiliary fulfilled no purpose except to promote this banquet once a year at which old friendships are renewed and strengthened, at which old neighbors who seldom meet are brought together in the embrace of sweet and tender recollections, their existence as a social organization would be abundantly justified. If they did no more than to help keep alive the Irish tradition of charity at times of sickness and death; if they merely sought to preserve the all-night vigil of the

Irish wake, that excellent school of love, their existence would be a blessing. But there is even more serious work to do. America in spite of its devotion to education is not solving the problem of love. The lawlessness in respect to marriage, the pagan lust, the absence of social traditions in American life must give pause to even the gayest and lightest of heart. The people who are solving the social problem best in the United States are the people who are bound together into compact social groups by common customs, common religion and a language which restricts their social intercourse. The Poles, Hungarians and Italians seem likely to possess the land because among these nationalities marriages of compatible persons are numerous and families are large. The Irish who inherited Boston from the Puritans seem after a generation or two in America to grow less prolific. In South Bend the third generation of Irish is scarcely as numerous as the first. This situation is due in part to the destruction of the

old Irish neighborhood and to the weak social organization of our people. We are careful to bequeathe our money to our children, but we are careless of our social customs, of our friendships, of our love.

Love is at once the creator and the creature of society. A social group such as the Irish family within which love, both natural and super-natural, has been inspired, conserved, ordered and intensified for centuries is among the most sacred institutions of mankind; it is a precious inheritance this generation has received from the patient, heroic, long-suffering past; and it is a trust to be transmitted to the future. If the Irish family is the heir and conserver of love at once pure, intense and orderly, at once natural and supernatural, it is too good, too beneficent an institution to be allowed to perish from our midst. It was God Himself who forbade the Hebrews to marry strange women who worshipped strange gods.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOON

In the shadow of the moon,
Where I linger long alone,
Beneath the dark blue heavens
That the sun has lately shown.

I am waking in the night
And am thinking, dear, of you,
Thinking of the fair face
And the smile that I once knew.

The quickening hours of laughter
And the fragments of a song,
That you sang so softly to me,
As we gently walked along.

But I cannot linger longer
In the shadows of the moon;
For as I look behind me
The sunrise comes too soon.

—WALTER H. LAYNE, '28.

The Gold Watch

LESTER C. GRADY, 'BG

THE fireside is usually the place sought when one desires reminiscence and a review of the past, for in the genial warmth of the open fire and in the glowing coals there is something calm and soothing and comforting.

James Bristol yearns to look back upon his happier days when he courted the fair Mary MacLean; but he no longer has a fireside, so he must content himself to stand, unobserved, opposite the brightly lighted Hotel Brevoort where he had frolicked and danced with her into many an early morning.

As he watches and listens to the music, Bristol dreams of the life of gayety and pleasure he once followed as a means to a woman's heart. He recalls the theaters, the suppers, and the merriment that followed them; the lavishly spent money and the disregard of expense and, finally, the unexpected coming of poverty. He frowns the thoughts of poverty from his mind. Living as a pauper is bad enough without thinking about it.

Mary MacLean! Bristol remembers her well for he had hoped to marry her. But she had tired of him when he could not keep up his lavish entertainment. At her request they had parted. Then came discouragement, remorse, an aimless existence, and an incipient hatred for the one who was the cause of his unhappiness.

A party of two women and three men come out of the Hotel Brevoort. All but one gentleman enter a waiting limousine. He saunters away. Bristol, without money, follows him, hoping to secure the price of a night's lodging. It is only a block or so away from the hotel when Bristol taps the gentleman upon the shoulder. The man, gracefully attired in evening clothes, turns composedly.

"Could you spare a dollar, please?"

"A dollar? Why do you ask for so much?"

"You look well able to afford it."

The gentleman laughs ironically.

"My appearance has deceived you. Right

now I could not afford to give you one cent. I have spent all the money I had with me."

Bristol starts to leave.

"Just a second. Maybe I can help you. Would this be of any value?"

The gentleman unfastens a gold watch from a chain and hands it to the shabbily dressed Bristol.

"Won't you need it?" Bristol asks.

"That isn't the point. I don't want it! It brings me bad luck. This is a splendid opportunity for me to get rid of it."

It is only natural that Bristol smiles at the situation.

"Suppose it'll bring bad luck to me? he says putting the watch in his pocket.

"No, it won't bring any bad luck to you I'm the only person it could possibly trouble. As an instance of misfortune that came to me because of the watch, I shall tell you what happened this evening.

The gentleman clears his throat.

"I met two of my bachelor friends—you know, I am a married man—with two charming women at the theatre. I practically forced myself into their party. They didn't seem to mind and I hated to be alone. There was nothing said at the time to suggest that I was a married man. After the theatre the women did not care to dine, but I persuaded them, with some assistance by my bachelor friends. You understand, they did not wish to be out late.

"At the Hotel Brevoort, where we dined, they pestered me for the time, which I refused to give. Finally, in order to avoid a scene I took out my watch to tell them the hour. As I opened it the women noticed the picture of my wife. They asked who it was and I confessed. My, my, they flew right at me! Called me an imposter, gallisant, and wife-deserter, and asked my friends to take them home, for they did not care to be in my company. I paid for the unfinished meals—that took all my money, by the way—and attempted to explain; but they drove off and left me standing there. You see, the blamed

watch spoiled everything."

"Why didn't you take your wife to the theatre and supper? Nothing would have happened then."

"That's just the point. She wouldn't go! I never can get her to go out at night. After our marriage she settled right down. Said that she had all the running around she wanted before she got married. Well, I didn't. And for that very reason we don't get along. She has even hinted about a separation. But that doesn't interest you. I'm going to leave. Getting sort of tired. Good night."

"Good night. Thanks for the watch."

When the gentleman is beyond vision, Bristol walks over to a lamp post to examine the gift. He wonders if his life would not be entirely different if only he had met such a woman as this gentleman's wife, one who was content to stay at home and ignore the call of pleasure; a woman who might have incited him to success and saved him from despondency.

Under the light he takes the gold watch from his pocket and opens it. Bristol beholds the picture of Mary MacLean.



NOTHINGS

The tears, the storm-torn tears,
 Gasping on a soul's cold shore,
 No sun can rise across the blue
 Or fill the chalice more.

The inert vine in the sobbing storm
 Bends to the fling of the blast,
 Yet when the silent steps of morn
 Come by, the storm is past!

—FRANCIS MILLER.

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

BARBARA'S MARRIAGE AND THE BISHOP. By Esther W. Neill, 343 pp. The Macmillan Company. Price \$2.00.

Here is a novel that is dripping with sentimentality yet thoroughly enjoyable. The author, who is the wife of Charles Patrick Neill, '93, Leatare Medallist of 1922, has infused into her story a rare and subtle charm which makes the book radically different from the ordinary novel which presumes to deal with youth and marriage.

But Mrs. Neill is ever the idealist and we quote from a description of the hero of the story to illustrate our point.

"His face was glowing from his long ride up the hill, his brown eyes held the delighted spark of youth and enthusiasm, and, as he pulled off his cap of rough tweed, his dark curls stood upright in a waving pompadour. He came forward smiling...."

Here, surely, is the latest great American hero. Dick Rover, Frank Merriwell and their numerous prototypes have found another worthy addition to their ranks.

But it would not be fair to imply that Mrs. Neill paints all of her characters quite so romantically. The character of the gentle, unworldly Bishop is indeed attractively drawn as is Aunt Mathilde and Mr. Braddock.

The story concerns itself with Aunt Mathilde who is the chatelaine of the hospitable country house which is Barbara's home. Her brother, the Bishop, is Barbara's guardian and an ever welcome guest. Aunt Mathilde never approves Barbara's marriage to handsome, reckless young Jack Braddock, but she and the Bishop stand by the girl through all the ups and downs of her married life.

This book makes no pretensions towards becoming a Best Seller and bows to no particular whim of the reading public. Somehow life seems a little bit brighter after laying down Mrs. Neill's delightful and invigorating novel. We recommend it for your Easter vacation reading.

* * * * *

A number of volumes of poetry are listed for spring publication, including volumes by John Drinkwater, Edwin Arlington Robinson, E. E. Cummings, and Archibald MacLeish. There is to be a new and cheaper edition of George Moore's "Anthology of Pure Poetry," which came out in a

limited edition in the autumn and was almost immediately sold out. Macmillan is publishing a collected edition of the poems of James Stephens.

* * * * *

The first two volumes of the collected papers of Woodrow Wilson—"College and State"—were published on the anniversary of the former president's death. They carry us from the days at Princeton and the University of Virginia to the speech of acceptance at Seagirt in the memorable summer of 1912.

* * * * *

THE EDUCATION OF PETER. BY JOHN WILEY. The Stokes Co.

Here is another young writer who has carried out every college man's literary ambition—to put his collegiate experiences and ideals into a written novel. It is as well-done as most current fiction, and in spots better. It appears, in its vagueness, to portray sincerely the development of an individual during four years at college. It is modified realism in that it touches on the high lights without dragging in any collegiate mud. (Incidentally the college background is Yale.)

Peter, the subject of the four year experiment of finding one's self, is not a familiar type, and for this reason he will not appeal to many. To some he will be delightful—the others will not understand him, or care to.

The Senior Year is composed of a number of delightful sketches that will be appreciated by any senior at any university. These pages reflect, in a realism that is almost depressing, the peculiar feeling of a near-graduate.

If Peter is not an easily recognized type there are others in the story that are. The college widow, the well-dressed collegian, the radical thinker, the university flappers, all are well-pictured.

The book is entertaining and interesting, and has enough idealism to repay one for two or three hours spent with it. Certainly it is not a great or finished production, but it is a record of a certain four year period in an American university, and it is not too detailed. The author, at any rate, was sincere, and not as pessimistic as most writers of university chronicles.

Personally our reaction was an enjoyable one. We are glad to have known Peter. —J.F.S.

"Fee Simple"

GERARD J. SMITH

DENNY REID needed some money very badly. That evening he had a date with the sweetest girl in town, but his funds were low. His semester report had gone home and evidently it had not pleased his father, for this morning Denny had received a crisp little epistle from the "pater," telling him that no checks would be forthcoming until better marks showed an increased application to study.

Ruefully Denny turned his pockets inside out. One thin dime fell into his hand. "Gee," he thought, "what will Mary think when I call her up and tell her that the dance is off? Nell's bells, I've got to raise five bucks by hook or crook!"

The boy sat down in his morris chair, his legs sprawled out, hands in his pockets, and a frown on his face. He proceeded to use all his mental faculties in search of a plan to get five dollars. Selling chapel tickets would get him nothing but a laugh, and Gym tickets, too, was a worked-out gag. Things looked black for Denny.

For about fifteen minutes he sat there, the dark scowl not once leaving his face. Suddenly a bright thought flashed through his mind. He jumped up, a look of delight replacing the scowl. "Holy smoke, I'll bet it works! I'll try it, anyway." In two seconds Denny was in the hall and running down stairs.

On the floor below Denny there lived a trusting German lad named Schwarzer. He had been nicknamed "Dumphy" and the name had never left him. Dumphy was always the butt of some student's prank. The boy's father was a rich fruit merchant, and consequently his son never lacked for funds, which explained the fact that Dumphy possessed the most elaborately decorated room on the campus.

This particular afternoon Dumphy was sitting in his huge leather rocker, eating a chocolate bar and reading Blackstone. He was deeply engrossed in both occupations

when Denny walked in unannounced.

"Hello, Denny," greeted the German boy. "Come in. How are you?"

"Hello yourself; busy working, I suppose."

"Yes, I am reading Blackstone. Are you interested?"

"Not a bit, Dumph. Just dropped down to say 'Hello.' Say, boy, you've got a swell room here."

"Yes, I pride myself on my room Denny. It is very comfortable and is always cosy and warm."

"By the way, Dumphy, you just reminded me. I had something to tell you. Have you paid your engineer's fee yet?"

"Engineer's fee. What do you mean, Denny? I have not heard anything about it."

"Yes, beginning to-morrow there will be no more heat in the fellows' rooms who haven't paid the engineer's fee. New ruling, you know. Five dollars a semester, same as for extra lights."

"Heavens, no, you don't say! I'll have to pay it. Where do I go?"

"Oh, don't get excited, Dumphy. Nothing to worry about. I was on my way over to pay mine, when I dropped in here. If you want me to I will give them your money, too."

Dumphy took out a fat wallet and from it extracted three bills, which he handed to Denny, a look of gratitude on his face. "Gosh, you are a good fellow, Denny."

"Oh, don't mention it, I'd hate to see you uncomfortable in a room like this, and you sure would be with the heat turned off."

Denny turned to go. At the door he stopped and looked back. "I say Dumph, don't tell anybody you hadn't heard of the engineer's fee. The boys might give you the laugh."

"Don't you think I would, Denny," replied Dumphy, the look of gratitude still on his face.

THE MAIL

Thomas W. Coman

James E. Armstrong

Dear Mail:

I received the surprise of my life the other day. Since September I have been rejoicing in the fact that my room had frosted glass windows. Judge my chagrin when I returned the other afternoon and found the janitor washing the frost off. I can't get used to the unusual light and often wake shortly after morning prayer.

Thomas a Campus.

—NDS—

MARCH BLUES (Fragments)

They say that in the springtime
The poemsters start to howl
And pick on their Corona Fours,
Verses both fair and foul.

If a fire broke out
In the Notre Dame bunks
Would the boys all jump
In their fire-proof trunks?

The woodpecker wept in deep dismay
As evening shades slyly stole,
For he had been pecking all the day
A cast iron telephone pole!

The elephant groaned in deep chagrin
And caressed his aching trunk;
He thought it was a keg of beer—
But a keg of paint he drunk.

Laff and the World laffs with you,
Snore and you sleep alone.
(That last one is blank—but it is verse.)

—Aristotle II.

—NDS—

THE ANANIAS CLUB

Dear Mail:

Here's a little anecdote: It was in Father Crumley's logic class. The whole class was leaning forward, hands waving frantically to answer the question that had just been put. Suddenly the tower clock struck the hour and interrupting himself in the middle of a word, Father Crumley dismissed the class.

Lyre.

—NDS—

With St. Patrick's Day and St. Joseph's Day in the past, Badin seems to be angling for a St. Bartholomew's Day.

Dis Guise.

Dear Mail:

After all, some education can be derived from Profs. For instance, a very important point in Economics was taught by Prof. Phillips in the cafe the other day. Laying the change on the counter he asked for a pack of cigarets and a box of matches. Receiving these he picked up the change and walked away. Now if Father Bolger's classes were practical like that—

Echo No Micks

—NDS—

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

List! List! The wild waves whist!

The poets are coming to town:

McGuire with odes,

F. C. M. with loads,

And Anse with a mustache dust-brown.

—Flim-Flam.

Editor's Note:

Hey! Hey! The wild winds say!

Your list is delinquent, Roland:

You miss in your lines

O'Neill, Eddie Lyons,

And up with the rest of them, Holland.

—NDS—

The Mail:

More power to Mans Hagerty's Villagers—they staged a banquet last week that for speed and feed was all that a weary student could desire. The speeches were short but lasting, which is more truth than paradox.

A Guest (no relation to Ed)

—NDS—

Dear Mail:

The Law School has at last reached a tangible proof for its supremacy. Whereas the ordinary business or professional man has to practice to become good, the Lawyer must be pretty good before he can even practice.

—Q.E.D.

—NDS—

SENSATION PROMISED!!!!

The Mail has almost signed a contract with one of the Inner Circle for the exclusive publishing rights of the Autobiography of one of the leading Seniors on the campus—affectionately recognized as The Perfect Lover. This series of articles has already caused a sensation at St. Mary's and will no doubt enthral the readers of The Mail. The first instalment of this monumental work will be published as soon as the final papers are signed.

SPORTS

"FROSH" BASKETEERS WIN INTER-HALL COURT TITLE

BY AL CONNELLY

The Freshman Hall basketballers dispelled all doubts as to their claim to the University Inter-Hall court title for 1925 by decisively defeating Brownson and Sophomore Hall in the post-season play-off contests, made necessary by the triple tie in the standing of the teams at the ending of the regular season. Captain Purcell's five scored 30-20 and 25-11 victories over the Brownson and Sophomore teams, respectively, in games that were closer than the score would indicate.

With all three teams tied at 7 games won, and 2 lost, the league directors were confronted with the task of arranging a play-off series. Freshman drew Brownson for an opponent in the first game. Played before one of the largest gatherings of the league season, both Frosh and Brownson were content to play a cautious game throughout the first half, and the whistle found the Yearlings holding the upper hand by a 5-2 count. Resumption of hostilities saw Captain Purcell and Harvey of the Frosh in a scoring mood, successive baskets by this duo putting the game on ice. The final whistle found Tommy Murphy's men playing "under wraps," and on the long end of a 30-20 score. Koehl and Griffin of the losers gave stellar performance, but their best was not enough to stem the tide of the well oiled Freshman combination.

A rejuvenated Brownson five, displaying the speediest floor work witnessed on the gym court this season, and with an impregnable defense, upset calculations by snowing under Coach Joe Bender's hopefuls by

the overwhelming score of 37 to 19. The Koehl-Griffin combination amassed 26 points between them for the evening's work, sounding the death knell of Sophomore's hopes. Hurley's guarding featured, the Brownson Haller time and again smothering potential markers by blocking every avenue leading to the hoop.

It is doubtful if any team in the league could have invented a defense to successfully cope with the Purple and White aggregation last Thursday night. Much credit is due Coach Crowe for his team's improvement in such a short space of time.

Sunday morning brought a determined Freshman quintet into action with their rivals—the Sophomore Hall outfit. However, if a battle royal was expected, the crowd was disappointed because it failed to materialize. Coach Murphy's crew avenged that early season trimming by Sophomore Hall, amassing a total of 25 points to 11 for their opponents.

Rapid fire baskets by Purcell, Harper, Harvey and Bushman shot the Yearlings off to a commanding lead. The score at half time stood 9 to 1. Clever court work by the entire Sophomore quintet, aided by the accurate shooting of Howard and Slocum, Soph "aces," threatened to obliterate any and all signs of the Frosh lead, early in the second half. Both fives, on point of exhaustion from their endeavors, took time out with the score board reading 15-11 in favor of Captain Purcell and his Freshmen team. Sophomore Hall, however, was unable to follow up their sudden spurt, and completely frustrated in their efforts to come within striking distance by the Freshmen line of defense, a turn in the tide came about in the launching of a second

"Frosh" offensive. This steady, unrelenting march on the Sophomore Hall net did not stop until the timer's pistol brought about cessation of hostilities, and an eleventh hour barrage of markers carried the Freshman quintet over the top to a 25 to 11 whirlwind victory and the championship. Thus closed dramatically the keenest and most interesting race in the history of the Interhall basketball league.

Coach Murphy had so thoroughly developed the team-play spirit in his men that frequent substitutions could be made during the course of the game without noticeably slowing up or in any way injuring the victorious parade of the Frosh. Starting the season, Captain Purcell's team did not appear particularly impressive, rather did they seem to win games by virtue of the slipshod methods of the other quintets, who were also undergoing thorough renovating processes. Gradually the Yearlings began to show improvement. The rough edges were worn off by constant and faithful practice, and the team began to function as a unit.

Well-earned triumphs by Carroll and Sophomore Halls were the only blots on the Frosh record, and must have been received in the nature of a tonic by Tom Murphy's charges, to judge by subsequent workouts.

Harvey at guard, and Captain Purcell, forward, proved themselves stars both on offensive and defense. DeVault, at center, while lacking experience in the beginning of the season, rounded into a valuable tip-off man, using his great height to advantage in getting the tip over opponents. Harper and Bushman complete the smoothest working outfit in the league.

In review of the season it would appear that the brand of basketball exhibited showed marked improvement over that of other years. Many new players were developed, several of whom should prove Varsity material next season. The games were well conducted, and the interest manifested by the various hall student bodies augurs well for future seasons.

The dozen leading point scorers, exclusive of play-off games:

Name	Hall	Bask.	Fouls	Points
1—Harvey—Freshman	-----	29	10	68
2—Purcell—Freshman	-----	23	4	50
3—Carney—Day-Dogs	-----	13	9	35
4—Victorian—Carroll	-----	12	9	33
5—Harper—Freshman	-----	14	5	33
6—DeVault—Freshman	-----	11	11	33
7—Rozum—Day-Dogs	-----	13	4	30
8—Graff—Brownson	-----	8	7	23
9—Dougherty—Day-Dogs	-----	11	0	22
10—Carey—Day-Dogs	-----	9	2	20
11—Mock—Carroll	-----	5	2	12
12—Griffin—Brownson	-----	5	2	12

The high point scorers in the play-off series:

series:	Field	G.	Fouls	Total Points
1—Koehl—Brownson	-----	10	4	24
2—Harvey—Freshman	-----	7	5	19
3—Griffin—Brownson	-----	7	2	16
4—Eckstine—Brownson	-----	6	2	14
5—Slocum—Sophomore	-----	5	1	11
6—DeVault—Freshman	-----	4	2	10
7—Harper—Freshman	-----	3	4	10

The results of series play-off games:

First game—Freshman, 30; Brownson, 20.
Second game—Brownson, 37; Sophomore, 19.
Third game—Freshman, 25; Sophomore, 11.

VARSIITY BASEBALL

With the date for departure south on the annual spring baseball training trip but three weeks away, Coach George Keogan is fast rounding a representative squad into shape for competition with the fast southern teams.

The coach has been able to work his squad outdoors more this year than last and the men should be in good condition by April 8. Routine practice drills in hitting and fielding have been supplemented by games between the team members of from five to nine innings. The first outside competition will appear on the local diamond Sunday afternoon, March 29, when the Napanee ball club under the tutelage of Joe Claffey, takes the field in a practice game with the Varsity.

Coach Keogan is still carrying a club of about 25 men, having made but one cut this year. The greater part of the material on hand is very promising and the coach is looking forward to next year, as well as filling up the breaches this year.

Notre Dame has a pitching staff of seven

men, although they may not all last the season. Dwyer, Dawes, Ronay, Tatham and Besten look particularly good. Behind the bat, Coach Keogan has three good receivers in Silver, last year's veteran, Welch and Smith. On the initial sack, the veteran Capt. Nolan is slated to perform. Bert Dunne, also a first baseman, will probably fill in a berth in the outer garden with either Pearson or Pendergast on third. Pearson is fighting an old injury sustained in last year's campaign. Prendergast is looking better than ever this year with his hitting improved greatly.

From all indications, Notre Dame should have several hard hitters on this year's club. Nolan, Dunne, Silver, Prendergast, Pearson and Frank Crowley are all strong batsmen. Wilson, Murray, Magee, Quinn, Reese, O'Boyle and several others are in line to complete the personnel of the club, and the roster that goes south will indicate in a large measure just who will bat and field during the season of 1925.

SPRING FOOTBALL TRAINING

Football, the charmer of all sports, still holds high its position among the current activities on the campus. Coach Rockne has a large squad of candidates out every night on the practice field, learning the primary lessons of the greatest of all sports.

The veterans of last year who will be graduated in June are assisting Rockne on the field, and in the lecture room, where the mental forces are being strengthened for the grueling campaign next fall. The capacity to think accurately and quickly counts for half the battle and maybe a little more.

The squad is divided into groups each afternoon according to positions, and a varsity player or two, put in charge of each group. Rockne travels from one group to another, carefully scrutinizing the work of each individual, and offering advice and criticism where it is needed. The veteran gridders in charge of the group assist in a similar capacity, illustrating the fundamental works to the players and then criticizing the candidates' imitations.

The final lap of the spring practice will

probably be run off after the Easter vacation, the grand climax coming on the afternoon of the spring football game when the veteran forces clash with the recruits.

THE MILE RELAY TEAM IN CLEVELAND

Notre Dame's mile relay team composed, of McDonald, Krider, Hamling and Eaton, lost the decision on a foul to the University of Chicago quartet, in the Cleveland A. C. games in Cleveland Saturday, March 21. Notre Dame won the race, in which John Carroll U. also competed, but was prevented from receiving the victory due to an unfortunate jostling match on one turn.

A relay team will run at Houston, Texas, Saturday, March 28, in the Rice Institute games. The regular track program opens on April 18.

JOHNNIE KILBANE TO FEATURE SENIOR BOXING SHOW, MARCH 31

Featuring Johnnie Kilbane of Cleveland, ex-featherweight champion, in a bout with Geo. McLaughlin, also of Cleveland, the Senior Class is to stage the last boxing show of the year in the Gym next Tuesday night, March 31, at eight o'clock.

Notre Dame boxers are to put on the remaining bouts. Morrey Welsh of Cleveland and Guy Loranger of Detroit, will clash at 118 pounds; Chuck Goslin, St. Paul, and F. X. O'Brien, Rochester, N. Y., at 137 pounds; Pete Lim, China, and Hudson Jefferys, Ironton, Ohio, at 147 pounds; and Benny Pasquali, Buffalo, and Gordon Donnelly, Cleveland, at 133 pounds.

The price of admission to the show is to be one dollar to outside guests and fifty cents to students with athletic tickets.

COACH ROCKNE TO REFEREE

Coach Rockne will act as referee for the Third Annual Kansas Relays to be held April 18 in the Memorial Stadium at Lawrence, Kansas. The starter will be John C. Grover of Kansas City, widely known Missouri Valley Sports official, who also started the relays last year.

WALSH HALL WINS INTER-HALL SWIMMING MEET

The first inter-hall swimming meet in the history of the University was held last Thursday and Friday night with a degree of success far beyond expectations. The winner of the meet was decided Wednesday afternoon, March 25, when Peabody of Walsh Hall won the fancy diving contest and the championship for his hall.

The Students Activity Committee has presented a trophy in the form of a silver loving cup to be given to the winning hall. It is much encouragement to the swimmers of the school to find this recognition in the S. A. C. especially since this was the first meet of its kind at Notre Dame. The Athletic Association presented gold, silver, and bronze medals for first, second and third places, respectively.

Fifty-three swimmers participated in the preliminary meet on Thursday night, but this number was cut down to 35 for the finals on Friday night. The results of the meet, not including the fancy diving event are:

160 Yd. Relay—Walsh (1), Freshman (2,) Soph (4).

40 Yd. Breast Stroke—Lloyd of Car. (1), Cunningham of Wa. (2), and Hohman of Soph (3). Time 30:1 sec.

40 Yd. Free Style—Carey of Corby (1), Peabody of Wa. (2), McSorley of Wa (3), and Erenwein of Fr. (4). Time 21:4 sec.

Plunge—Morrissey of Badin (1), Buschmeyer of Car. (2), Diebold of Wa. (3), and Cunningham of Soph (4). Distance 51 ft. 6 inches.

220 Yd. Free Style—Abel of Fr. (1), McSorley of Wa. (2), Phillips of Car. (3), and Walker of Soph (4). Time 3-08:3 sec.

40 Yd. Back Stroke—McKennon, Car. (1), Noon of Br. (2), Holland of Car. (3), Brown of Br. (4). Time 31:2 sec.

100 Yd. Free Style—Carey of Corby (1), Erenwein of Fr. (2), Elwood of Wa. (3), and Peabody of Wa. (4). Time 1-2:2.

The teams finished the events of the meet in the following order: Walsh, Carroll, Corby, Freshman, Badin, Sophomore, and Brownson.

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Dr. Leo J. Quinlan
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Dr. Frank J. Powers
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THE C.S.M.C. BOXING SHOW

Sailor DeShone of Niles and Young Reed of South Bend treated a crowd of 600 people to five rounds of fast clever glove pushing in the main bout of the exhibition fights staged in the gymnasium, Tuesday evening by the Notre Dame unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Junior Huffman of South Bend appeared in the ring against R. Balka, also of this city. Rocky Feodora and Jimmy Conen, Indiana flyweight champion, completed the professional card. In the student bouts, J. Jeffries and Pete Lim came on as headliners and filled their place in a creditable manner.

DeShone and Reed, gave the fight crowd the popular entertain-

ment of the evening. Both scrap-pers are well known in South Bend, but their civic acquaintance-ship did not prevent their mixing it up in the ring. For five rounds, both men hammered away at each other, DeShone holding his side of the argument with a flashy form and performance of clever foot-work. Reed packed a punch that resounded in the gym, but the Sailor took all he had and replied in kind when the opportunity offered itself.

Huffman, the South Bend performer, flashed through four rounds with an exhibition of clever boxing that drew the applause of the crowd. Fast on his feet and deceptive he handled his less capable opponent almost at will during the first three rounds. In the last round, Balka warmed to

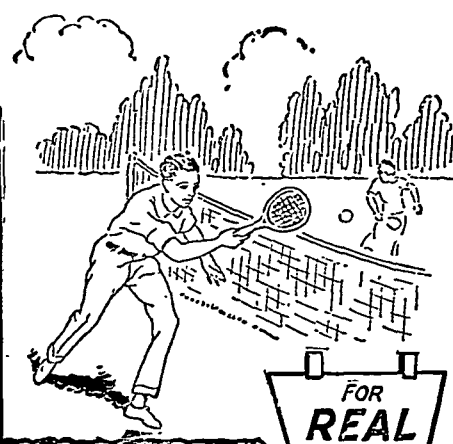
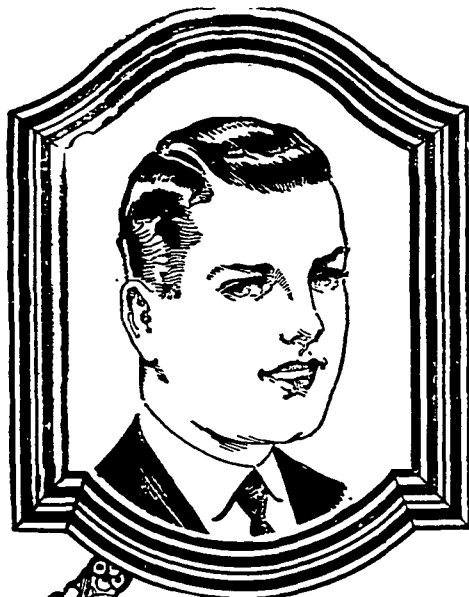
his task landed several blows to Huffman. Junior is a two-handed fighter, that keeps his opponent guessing. With a sharp eye, he nips each opening in the bud with a lightning blow.

Jeffries and Pete Lim, the student fighters, gave a good account of themselves for three rounds. Both men are aggressive fighters, and indicate a fair knowledge of the game. "Jeff" proved a hard puncher and deceptive. Lim waited out his opponent and took his advantages as they appeared.

Maurey Welsh and Guy Loren-ger turned in three rounds of fair boxing that included a variety of clinches. Welsh looked fairly good in action and should make a comer in the bantamweight class. Goslin and F. X. O'Brien of the University took first prize for sustained applause from the crowd in three rounds of interesting punching.

In the final bout of the evening, Conen, introduced as the fly-weight champion of Indiana, traded punches with Rocky Feodora of Chicago. The boxing was short of action all the way, with Conen showing a slight superiority over his opponent in general ring tactics.

The remainder of the program was dropped for reasons unannounced. Jimmy Kelly, who was billed to fight, wired that he had sustained a broken hand in training.



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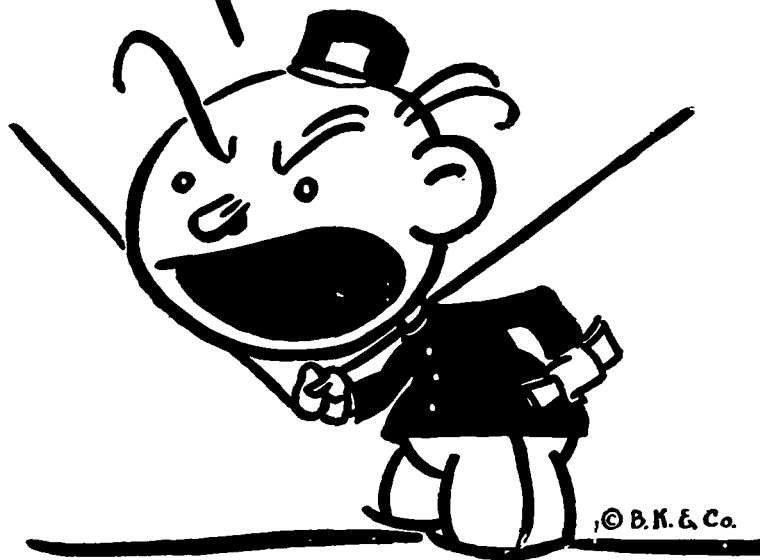


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